

A SATYRE

LXX

AGAINST THE CAVALIERS:

Penned in opposition to the *Satyre* against *Separatists*.

GOOD morrow to my Genius, and good day
To my revived selfe: Thy drowzy clay
Shake off my soule, and make thy selfe as free,
As in the *Separation* thou must be.
Come life of truth, and innocence, inspire
My late Lethargick mind with active fire;
Such as may be to wanderers a light,
And bring them with my selfe to day from night.
Farewell all by-respects, with you farewell,
Each desp'rate and too-loyall Infidell,
That thinks it safer to break faith with Christ,
And heav'n, than not be sworne a Monarchist;
Calls grave mens resolutions for the truth
Rebellion, manag'd by the City-youth;
And regulating errors of the Crowne
Plots and devices forg'd to pull it downe.
Plots and devices! Take them to your selfe
True sonnes of mischief, and your popish Elves
That with your loyall treasons hug our King
Vnto his owne, and Kingdomes ruining:
What plots were working when the Statists stood
On tip-toe, and lookt o're the publike good;
And nothing would be thought on but our lives,
And fortunes vassall'd to prerogatives?
When the forlorne Imps of great *Buckingham*
Reviving, left off mourning for his name,
And made that plat-forme perfect he begun,
But being stop't by *Felton*, left undone?
Who plotted when the papists were forborne,
And our Religion made a publike scorne?
When the State-sinners strove with might and maine
To keep them so securely with their gaine,
That if a Cherubim from heaven sent,
Had told us of this long'd-for Parliament,
Our hopelesse hearts would back unto him tell,
That sure it was too great a miracle.
Yet yee have seene their tricks did faile them all,
Great *CHARLES* was pleas'd a Parliament to call,
Eminent in wisdom, courage wit and zeale,
The choycest flowers of the Common-weale,
Whose yet un-blasted vertues gave us free
Enjoyment of a yeare of Iubilee,
Till malice, active in its base designe,
Their faire proceedings strove to countermine,
By bringing Majesty to a distaste
Of this or that which in the house was past:
Nor was there counsell wanting to set forth,
A journey now prepared for the North,
And all forsooth for this same weighty reason,
Because th' unruly people at such a season,
Prest to the Court. No question they were glad
At such a time to see those fellowes mad:
Now they have got this end, let them alone
To bring a suddaine warre, their maine plot, on,
By working in the Prince a stubborne hate
To what is thought convenient for the state.

And now they have their ends: yet this by th' way,
I'me of the mind we shall not act a play
As yet, new made by the Poetick Earle
New-Castle, that mis-us'd the Comick Girdle:
He to Black-Friars, and intreat them strait;
The Countrey-Captaine may his Lord awayt;
The little wit may passe, but for the forme,
There's as much order in't as in a storme;
And when his Variety came out to please,
The stage it selfe was turn'd to *Little-ease*:
Let both be sent to his penurious Camp,
To save the charge of a Tobacco Lamp.
Such Lords, whose vanities teach them no more
Than art to please in Court, to dice and whore,
Are now the sticklers for the Cavall'rie,
With the blind Howlets of Philosophy,
Whose poore ambition leads them blind-fold on
To Court, the whorish weeds of *Babylon*.
Bristol, thou hast a pate: therefore 'tis knowne
Thy Counsells are not Reasons, and thine owne:
We know what took thy *Spaniolized George*,
When he for *Strafford* speech and wit did forge;
Thou saw'st his eager truth might lose the King,
Believe me Sir, it was a dangerous thing.
Alas for the great Seale! It is great pitty
He lost the favour both of Court and City;
By staying long, and then staying no longer;
Here British resolution should beene stronger:
Regarded now of few, hated of most,
He walketh like some honourable ghost.
Falkland, they say you are the learned wit,
That giving Roast-meat, beats us with the spit,
That with your clouded sence in Declarations,
Would cheat us to the ruine of three Nations;
You must excuse us, if we say there is
A false-hood in each long Parenthesis.
Hartford, and *Herbert*, *Worster*, with the rest,
That have a further aime than to invest
Our loved *Charles*, with his thrice Royall stem,
In his (as you doe call it) lost Diadem.
Revile yee still the pillars of our state,
Whilst you stand tott'ring o're your desp'rate fate,
Call up those busie ghosts that once did thrive
In mischief like your selves, but not out-live
Their work, gallant *Cestegus*, and the rest, (drest,
Whose glorious hopes plum'd with *Romes* wealth, and
Soar'd high, and ventured themselves, and all,
To give themselves, or *Rome* a funerall;
If Spleens may be more fatall than your owne,
Mixe theirs with yours, that once it may be knowne
Y'have try'd your worst; if first it prove in vaine,
Vse may make perfect, act it o're againe:
But know, there is above a power Divine
Will give's a *Tullie* for each *Catiline*.

FINIS.